ULSTER PARADE

WITH HUMOUR TO THE FORE

Contributed by

LYDIA M. FOSTER
SAM HENRY
ISOBEL MARSHALL
RUDDICK MILLAR
MAT MULCAGHEY
"TULLYNEIL"

PRESENTED BY
THE QUOTA PRESS

1/6

With best wishes for 1942
from
Lydia M. Foster

ULSTER PARADE

A BRIGHT BOOK FOR THE BLACK-OUT

BELFAST:
THE QUOTA PRESS

CONTENTS

Tam Hollis	Mat Mulcaghey
The Wooing o' William .	Isobel Marshall
The Mystery Tour . . .	Ruddick Millar
The Tyrone Hill Dweller	Sam Henry
The Congregation . . .	Mat Mulcaghey
Pushing the Pram . . .	Ruddick Millar
One Foot in the Grave .	Lydia M. Foster
Strange Diseases and Strange Remedies .	Mat Mulcaghey
Jimsie Listens to the Radio	Ruddick Millar
The Puritan	Sam Henry
"Unconquered"	"Tullyneil"

TAM HOLLIS

BY

MAT MULCAGHEY

ONE of the most eloquent men I ever met was Tam Hollis. He had little or no education; but when he mounted the platform or delivered himself at a creamery meeting the people hung on his words. The educated people sometimes smiled, and on other occasions laughed out loud as Tam argued his point, but Tam never hesitated to find a suitable word. He just used any word that came to him whether it was right or not, and the bigger the word the better it suited Tam's purpose.

When educated people laughed at the composition of Tam's speeches the common people would remark to one another: "Do you see them ignorant gulpins sniggerin' at Tam. They're jailos; for none av them can bate him when it comes till makin' a speech. He cud hide hills on ether the clargy or the oul' major."

When the new rector took up duties in the parish he conceived the idea of establishing a mutual improvement society for the people of the

district. All manner of questions was debated nightly, and we were indeed happy in having as a member of the society our eloquent friend Tam Hollis.

The rector was president, and on one occasion we had a "hat night." The hat was duly passed round, from which we drew a slip of paper. Whatever subject was mentioned on the slip had to be dealt with by the holder in a speech lasting less than five minutes.

Tam Hollis looked at his slip as he took it from the hat, then passed it to me and asked: "What diz it say on that?"

I read the word "Theology" off it.

When it came Tam's turn to speak he made a most eloquent speech. "I hiv got on this slip the word "theology," Tam commenced. "This subject, as yiz all know, was a bone av extension since the time Adam an' Eve stharted till grow apples, ostriches, an' other vegitables in the Garden av Eden. I heerd a clargyman sayin' wan time that it wus an argymint that stharted atween Cain an' Able over this thing that made Cain loss his temper when he hit his brother over the head with the coother av an iron plough or somethin' av that nature. Theology is a dangerous thing for anywan till get mixed up in, an' a bad end come till some wan ivery time the object was

disgusted. Sampson an' David, an' all them wans cud tell yiz a quare story about theology if they wur here the night. Think av Daniel what he suffered from theology. Sure yiz all read what he sayed when he saw the lions lickin' their lips. Sez he: "There won't be any afther dinner spakin for me.' But more the Scripthur dizzent say as much, there wus no man in the histhory av the worl' undherstud theology as Daniel did; for if he hadn't studied it in his youth when he wus a hurd boy with his father's wans, yon lions wud hiv gobbled him up with wan mouthful, an' if ye had lucked over the wee wall five minits eftherwards ye wuddent hiv seen a trace av him barrin maybe a wheen av trousers buttons or the buckle av an oul pair of gallises."

At this point the chairman rang the bell, and Tam concluded his talk by saying that the subject was one that was beyond his powers to deal with properly within the space of five minutes. "I think," said he, "that not a member here has deficient enough education to disgust this subject in its widest circumferences except the reverend chairman himself."

After Tam had thus delivered himself and sat down he nudged me with his elbow and asked: "What the divil *is* Theology?"

When I explained, Tam rejoined: "Aw I see now, I see. Bad luck till me, but I thought it wus somethin' that had to do with wile animals." Evidently Tam was confounding Theology with Zoology.

THE WOOING O' WILLIAM

BY

ISOBEL MARSHALL

THE cross-roads outside Shanvore was the meeting-place for many of its inhabitants, and when the day's work was done it was there they gathered to discuss the affairs of the world in general and the affairs of their neighbours in particular.

The main road to the village crossed a little river near the meeting of the roads, and the low stone wall of the bridge formed a comfortable seat for the folks who wished to sit and gossip, and a useful barrier for the youngsters as they lay across it watching the trout rise and ring the surface of the stream below.

One evening in harvest-time a couple of people were already there, although the sun was still shining brightly and the sound of the reaper nearby showed that the work of the day was still going on; but John McLaughlin's working days were over, and Liza McCay's, owing to her inveterate laziness, had never begun.

John had arrived first and had taken his place at one end of the bridge where a hollowed stone made a comfortable seat and a willow tree leaning over the river made a natural backrest. There

was great competition for this seat, and John settled himself with a chuckle as Liza made her way down the lane.

"Well, Liza, I'm before ye the day. I doubt ye've been sittin' too long over yer tay wi yer feet in the ashes."

"Some folk hev a bit o' work till do before they're free ta come out," retorted Liza as she took the next most comfortable stone and seated herself, her feet well apart and a hand on each knee. "Here's Mary Jane coming down for her bit o' crack," she continued, as a small white-faced woman in well-starched overall came down the path of a cottage which stood on a hill above the bridge.

"Well, Mary Jane, how's Matt the night?" asked John kindly.

"He's a bit easier the day, thank ye, John. Willie Tamson is in having a crack with him, so I thought I'd come out for a breath av air."

Mary Jane's husband had been an invalid for thirty years, and her life was a continuous round of work and nursing, but each evening when the weather was good she slipped down to the bridge to have a chat with the folk gathered there, and watch the passers by going to and from the village. All day as she toiled bravely she looked forward to the time when she would slip on her clean apron and make her way to the bridge. It was the rose-coloured thread in her otherwise rather drab existence.

To-night as she gazed down the road she saw a gaily-dressed figure appear. "Who's thon in the grand blue coat comin' along the road?"

"Oh that's Fanny Wells—a daughter of oul' Tammy Watts' sister that's come ta live with him, an' an impident upsettin' cratur she is!" declared Liza.

"She's a fine lookin' girl anyway," remarked Mary Jane, as she gazed admiringly at the fair head of heavily waved hair, the pink cheeks and orange-red lips of the newcomer.

"She's a bould tinker," said John, with unusual severity, "an' I hear she's after that William McCray, an' him near as good as married ta wee Annie Mary Smith, but the poor gomeril's that carried away with that Wells woman's big rid painted mouth, an' that head of corrugated iron hair that now I hear he hardly luks the side of the road that Annie Mary's on."

"I'm vexed to hear that, John," declared Mary Jane, "for Annie Mary's the best wee girl in this country-side. The way she kept that house an' looked after her father an' them six weans since the mother died bates all. An' I hear that since she got that place in the doctor's she saves every penny of her pay ta buy clothes an' school books for the weans, an' she has raired up the sister Molly till she's near as good a worker as herself."

By this time Fanny Wells had reached the bridge and was glancing disdainfully at the little group.

"Good evening to ye," said John.

"Good evening," curtly replied the lady of the corrugated hair as she passed on.

"Annie Mary won't stand much chance agin the likes av thon," remarked Mary Jane sadly, for

"William's one of them fellows that aye judges a book be its cover. An' a quare fule he is, for Annie Mary wud make him a fine wee wife."

"Still an' with all Annie Mary is a bit iv a pasty-faced crathur," broke in Liza, who disliked to hear anyone receiving such unstinted praise.

"Talk a' the divil," chuckled John; "Here's the wee girl herself coming down the fields."

A minute later a little slip of a girl stepped through the hedge unto the bridge. She smiled pleasantly and spoke to each in turn.

"Good evening, Liza. Good evening, Mary Jane; I hope Matt's feelin' better the day."

"He's rightly the night, Annie Mary, thank ye."

"And how's your rheumatism, John? This fine weather will be helpin' ye."

"Aye, the sun is as good as a poultice til me," replied John. "An' hows yersel', Annie Mary, an' are ye for the soirée next week?"

"Aye, I am surely." Annie Mary's eyes gleamed. The soirée was an annual event in Shanvore, and all the young people in the district looked forward to it for weeks beforehand, and many a wedding which took place during the year was arranged that night.

"Ye'll need to make the most of yerself this time, Annie Mary. I hear that Fanny Wells has got a grand dress of pink satin and lace; so ye will need to look sharp if ye don't want her to walk off with William McCray."

"Hould yer tongue, Liza, an' let the wee girl alone," broke in John, crossly.

"Oh Liza must have her joke," laughed Annie Mary, too proud to show how the words had stung her.

But the conversation was interrupted at this point by three little urchins who came towards the bridge trundling old motor car tyres as hoops, and one of these rolled over against Liza, leaving a dusty track across her skirt and apron.

"Ye young rascals, I'll warm yer ears for ye so I will," she cried, starting to her feet; whereupon the three youngsters dropped their sticks, and, joining their grimy little hands, danced in front of the irritated old woman, singing with their shrill discordant voices:

"Ould Liza McCay
Caught a wee flay;
She washed it and she boiled it
And she ate it for her tay."

Liza snatched a stick from the hedge and made for the culprits; but they, evidently with experience gained from frequent practice, snatched up their tyres and made off down the road laughing and singing.

Annie Mary took this opportunity to say goodbye, and moved off towards the village; but as she walked along she sighed and the tears gathered in her great brown eyes. She had heard before of Fanny's pink satin frock with its frills of lace, and knowing William's weakness for outward show, she was afraid that his love for her might not withstand the attractions of this newcomer and that in his foolish infatuation he might take some step which would ruin, not her happiness alone, but also his own.

A few minutes later she reached Dr. Heaton's house, where she was employed. She opened the door and was going upstairs when Mrs. Heaton called her into the dining-room where she was sitting sewing.

"Oh, Annie Mary, will you please come here a minute, I want you to put on this frock. I'm making it as a birthday present for my sister and I want to pin up the hem. She is just about your size."

Annie Mary pulled the frock on over her head and stood patiently while Mrs. Heaton turned up the hem. As she turned slowly round Annie Mary caught sight of herself in the large mirror over the sideboard. For an instant she held her breath as she saw herself in the gown of soft green silk. It brought out all the beauty of her little pale face with its big dark eyes and long curling lashes; then like a flash came temptation—temptation with a capital "T."

"Oh," she thought, "if only I had a dress like that for the soirée." But where on earth was she to get it. Her sole wealth at the moment consisted of one shilling, one threepenny piece and four half-pennies, and she had nothing to wear at the soirée but a well-washed cotton frock which had appeared times without number.

Then she remembered that Dr. and Mrs. Heaton were going away the afternoon of the soirée to stay all night, and she would be left to lock up the house before going home for the night. How easy it would be to slip the frock away and wear it for the one night and bring it back again!

No one need ever know—it was for Mrs. Heaton's sister who lived in England, and she would never be likely to wear it here.

These thoughts raced rapidly through her mind as she stood until Mrs. Heaton had finished the hem. Then she ran up to her bedroom and shut the door. Sitting down on the edge of her bed with tightly clasped hands and quickly beating heart she thought it all over, but decided before she went to bed that she could never do such a thing. Valiantly, in the days that followed, she tried to put the very thought of it out of her mind, and had partly succeeded until the evening before the soirée when in the village she encountered William.

William, at first sight, didn't look exactly the perfect answer to a maiden's prayer; he was a huge raw boned fellow with a thick thatch of red hair; but Annie Mary knew he was kind of heart if slow of speech, and there were years of unbroken friendship between them; also, although it didn't weigh much with Annie Mary's loyal little heart, William was the owner of a neat little house and a well stocked farm.

He stopped now and greeted Annie Mary rather shyly. "Will ye be at the soirée the morrow night, Annie Mary?" he asked quite humbly.

"Oh, aye, surely."

"I'll be seeing ye there, then. I hope it bes a good night."

Annie Mary passed into a shop vastly pleased with this encounter, but her pleasure wasn't to last long, as on her way home she encountered a so-called friend who informed her with ill-con-

cealed satisfaction that half an hour ago she had seen William and Fanny Wells on the road together—that Fanny had fallen off her bicycle and that William had been helping her to straighten the handle-bars. "I'm thinking that'll be a match before long," concluded the spiteful little gossip as she tripped off well pleased with herself.

Annie Mary closed her lips firmly as she walked home. Her mind was made up. She *would* wear the green frock. She wouldn't lose William if any deed, however desperate, would win him.

The next afternoon the Heatons left early, telling Annie Mary to lock up the house before she went home.

When the car moved off, Annie Mary went slowly upstairs. All her clean clothes were laid out on the bed neatly darned and mended. Her little hands shook as she washed and dressed, and then when she was ready for the dress she went down with trembling legs to Mrs. Heaton's room.

She took the green gown out of the wardrobe and pulled it on, and then looked at herself in the mirror; she was conscious of a great feeling of disappointment, she did not look nearly so glamorous as she had expected, and as she stood there shaking, her eyes fell on the dressing gown she had wrapped round her to come downstairs. It had been a present from Mrs. Heaton, and Annie Mary thought of how pleased she had been when she received it—there weren't many girls in Shanvore who had a real dressing gown as good as any lady's in the land. The shoes she wore, too, with their shining buckles, were a gift from her mistress.

For a long time Annie Mary stood quite still, then with a final look in the mirror, she slowly pulled off the frock and laid it carefully on the bed. "I can't do it," she murmured; "not after all her kindness ta me. William will just have ta go. I can't do it, so I can't."

The big tears welled up and ran down her cheeks, and then as she realized that all her hopes had vanished she flung herself down beside the bed and cried as if her heart would break; so loudly was she crying that she did not hear footsteps on the stairs or the bedroom door opening.

Mrs. Heaton stepped into the room, and was bewildered to find her little maid, clad in a stiffly starched white cotton petticoat, lying weeping bitterly on the floor, and the frock she had made for her sister spread out upon the bed.

"Annie Mary!" she exclaimed. "What on earth is the matter?" "Are you ill?"

Annie Mary lifted her tear-stained face with a terror-stricken expression that did little to reassure her mistress.

"I meant to do it, but I didn't," she sobbed.

Mrs. Heaton stooped down and lifted the child to her feet and wrapped the dressing gown around her. Already she had an inkling of what had happened.

"Now Annie Mary, stop crying and tell me what is wrong."

Her voice was quiet and kind, so between her sobs Annie Mary told the whole story, with a special emphasis on the pink satin frock. "But I wasn't going to do it, mam. I meant ta at first,

but I couldn't, not when I looked at the dressing gown an' shoes, and thought of all your kindness ta me," she ended pitifully.

For a moment Mrs. Heaton felt inclined to say a few words of reproof, but there flashed through her mind the memory of a night some years ago when at a dance a fascinating damsel had sought to usurp her place in the affections of the handsome young doctor who was now her husband, and, remembering her feelings that night, Mrs. Heaton decided to be very merciful, but she merely said, "Go upstairs and wash your face and then come back to me. We had only got the length of Ballytree when there was an urgent telephone message for the doctor and he had to turn and come back to see a patient, but he will call back for me again in a few minutes."

As Annie Mary left the room Mrs. Heaton crossed to a chest of drawers, and opening the bottom one drew out a pretty frock of yellow crepe with a sash of soft green. She had received it as a present from America, but had never worn it as it was too small for her. She smiled as she shook it out of its folds. "Well if that doesn't win William and obliterate the lady in the pink satin—"

Meanwhile upstairs Annie Mary washed her face. "I suppose I'm to go down now to get my notice. I wonder why she didn't give it ta me with my face dirty; an' where will I get another place and me with no character?" The tears threatened to come again, so she hurried downstairs.

When she entered the bedroom Mrs. Heaton was

standing with the yellow frock over her arm. She smiled at Annie Mary's scared little face and said, "I'm going to give you the present of this frock Annie Mary, to wear at the soirée. I hope you will like it and that you will have a nice time. Now try it on."

Annie Mary's eyes widened. "You're going to give me that gran' dress and you're not givin' me my notice. Oh mam you are good, an' I'll never forget what you've done for me this day."

Mrs. Heaton slipped the frock over the girl's head and was amazed at the transformation it wrought. The child's cheeks were rosy with excitement, and her great dark eyes, so lately filled with tears, shone like stars. Mrs. Heaton decided that unless William were stone blind there was no doubt how the romance would end.

"I hear the car now, I must go; so lock up the house, Annie Mary, and then go and enjoy yourself."

When the car had gone Annie Mary went upstairs to admire afresh the wonderful dress, then she locked up the house carefully and went off home.

The soirée was in full swing that evening when Annie Mary and her sister entered. Large cups of steaming tea were being handed round by perspiring youths in their Sunday clothes. Annie Mary swept in with the air of a duchess, her small head held high—and what a sensation she created! Fanny Wells and the pink satin passed almost unnoticed, the crowd had eyes for none but Annie Mary Smith and her wonderful yellow dress.

Every man in the room wanted to give her tea and for each game she could have had a dozen

partners. William watched her in a daze, and it was some time before he succeeded in getting her as partner, but at last in "The Farmer Wants a Wife" he managed to get hold of her arm, and when the game was over he kept a firm hold of it and led her out along the road where the stars were shining overheaed and the air was sweet with the scent of honeysuckle. Before they turned back to the Hall again Annie Mary Smith had promised to become Annie Mary McCay at no very distant date.

When Mrs. Heaton returned home the next afternoon Annie Mary was waiting for her with a beaming smile and an engagement ring. "I'm to be married at Christmas, mam, but I'll have Molly that well trained by that time that you'll hardly know the difference between us, and forby whenever ye want any extra help I'll be here ta give it. Oh an' I'm to be married in the yellow dress."

"Well, Annie Mary, I'm very sorry to lose you, but I hope you will be very happy." Her eyes twinkled as she added, "I'm very glad William admired the yellow frock."

Annie Mary laughed, but she didn't tell Mrs. Heaton that out on the starlit road last night William had said to her solemnly, "I jest want ye to know, Annie Mary, that it wasn't yer gran' dress that made me axe ye the night. I come near makin a fule o' meself over that Fanny Wells, but it never was the real thing, an' if it had been this evenin' wud hev finished it."

"What happened this evening, William?"

"Well, she was comin' ridin' that bicycle of

hers along the road when wee Jimmy Rafferty run out iv his lane on his wee scooter that his da made him. The wean run intil her and she fell aff the bike. She wasn't a bit hurted, but she turned and clouted that wee cratur' til I was fair ashamed. I pulled her from him—straightened her handle-bars an' bid her take herself aff. An' then I thought iv you, Annie Mary, and if ye had been wearing an oul' pratie bag I was for askin' ye the night."

"But are you sure, William, are you sure it's me ye want?"

William looked at her steadily a moment, and then he took her in his arms and kissed her gently on the lips, and Annie Mary knew then without any words that William was indeed quite sure.

THE MYSTERY TOUR

BY

RUDDICK MILLAR

ONE of the things that the petrol shortage has more or less done away with—for the time being—is the bus "mystery tour." It used to be an admirable way of spending an afternoon or evening in the summer-time, and it enabled us to "discover" some parts of Ulster that we had not known about before.

Which reminds me of a funny experience I had on one of these trips a few years ago. You can believe it or not. Anyway it's a good story.

The person sitting beside me in the bus was an old lady, and, as was usual on "mystery tours," we got to talking.

"These mystery tours are the great things," she said with a country accent. "Ye niver know where ye're goin.."

"That's what I like about them," I replied. "They usually take you some place you've never been before, somewhere you'd never dream of going in the ordinary way."

"You've been on them before, then?" she asked.

"Oh yes, they're almost a habit with me," I answered. "And I still get a kick out of them. Some people get the man at the booking office to tell them where the tour's going, but that spoils the fun."

"This is my first," said the old lady. "Ye see, I live in Ballydooley, an' we don't git much

chance iv anythin' like this there. It's only a wee place, ye know."

"Yes, I've heard of Ballydooley, but I was never there."

"I've lived in it for forty years," she went on with a sigh. "I know ivery stick an' stone iv it. Ye git tired luckin' at the same things day after day."

"You need a change now and then," I agreed.

"That's what I thought when I come to town this mornin'. It isn't often I'm in Bilfast, so I thought I'd like to do somethin' out iv the ordinary. Then I seen there was to be this mystery tour this afternoon."

"You couldn't have done better," I said. You get tired walking round the town. All you have to do here is sit and look out."

"Isn't it lovely," she enthused. "The country lucks gran' at this time iv the year."

"I wonder where we're going," I remarked.

"I've no idea," returned the old lady. "All these roads luck alike to me. Now take this one. It's just like ——"

"Look," I cut in, "we're coming into a village."

The old lady looked bewildered. "So—so we are," she stammered. "An' its like——"

"Apparently we're going to stop here," I said, and then noticed her bewilderment. "What's the matter?"

"Nothin," said the old lady. "Only if I wasn't on a mystery tour I'd swear that ——"

With that the bus came to a stop, and the conductor beamed at us. "Well, here we are, ladies and gentlemen," he announced, "at Ballydooley. You've an hour and a half to look round you."

THE TYRONE HILL DWELLER

BY

SAM HENRY

I WILL ask you to come with me now to the mountains and meet a man with Celtic imagination. For convenience of reference I will call him Peter Morris, and the background is Tyrone among the bushes, and for nearer location I met him among the Munterloney mountains.

His farm was a poor one but he had the spirit of hospitality.

I will never forget the tea I had there along with two other friends. Peter superintended all the arrangements and wooed us to eat with such invitations as: "Now, gentlemen, the treacle is a kind of luxury wi' us, but don' be afraid tae lie into it."

Peter had a fiddle on the wall and I was requested to give them a tune.

When I stopped, the cricket on the hearth continued his contribution to the concert.

"Do you know," I asked Peter, "how the cricket makes that sound?"

"I never give it a thought," said he.

"Well," said I, "it's not its voice, but it rubs its forelegs across one another, and that's the cause of the sound you hear."

"Begorra," said he, "it does a little at the fiddle like yoursel'."

Peter's farm was a poor one, but not quite as bad as he would make it out to be.

"A mige wouldn't get its fill aff it," was his comment.

I remarked that part of it was marshy and would likely be good snipe ground.

"Snipe!" he ejaculated. "Well in troth if they fancy dry feet they'll not come near it."

He disparaged everything.

"The hens all died wi' a disease, but I'll call them forward till ye see them."

He said he had eight hens in Chancery, a remark I did not understand until he added: "It's a chance whether they'll live or die. This mountain farm has vanquished me; Samson himself, couldn't work it let alone an ordinary man."

We argued about the value of hens.

"Don't they lay two hundred eggs a year on an average?" I asked him.

"On an average?" queried Peter, "Well they may, but they won't do it on an ordinary straw nest."

He proved to me that hens don't pay, for he and Biddy, his wife, had put it to the test.

"We were disputin' about it wan day," said Peter, "when I heard a hen cacklin', and says I to the wife, 'go out for that egg." She brought it in. 'Now,' says I, 'run up wi 'it tae the shap an' get the worth o' it in meal.' She brought back the meal and I got her tae make it into a pick for the hen."

"On my honour," continued Peter, "the hen ate the whole o' it and licked her neb for more."

"Now," said he in triumph, "where's the profit on hens?"

Peter described his cow as "an oul' run-out stripper that at her best wouldn't fill a wee tay

cup." He added: "If it wasn't that I keep a wee goat tae crame the tay, I might die wi' the heart-burn, for the black tay's murder on me."

Peter told me a story, the truth of which I cannot vouch.

On a Sunday evening a lot of young folk were dancing on the bridge, led by a blind fiddler in the dance music.

A new curate made a raid on the dancers, who all cleared out but the blind fiddler who, innocent man, knew not by whom he was subjected to a rude grip of the shoulder and to the sharp query: "Do you know the fourth commandment?"

"I do not," said the fiddler, "but if you whistle me a bar, I'll play you the rest."

Peter Morris had a brother an admiral on the Navy. I have not vouched the facts from the Admiralty records, but evidently his promotion was as rapid as that of the office boy in Gilbert and Sullivan's opera. Peter explained that some lady took a fancy for his young brother and sent him to the Oxford College for Ra' Boys.

"He must have been very smart," I remarked.

"Well," said Peter, "he was always a Merry Andra and the life o' wakes."

Peter had poor vision in one eye. I said he should get it examined.

"Nothing can be done," he said. "My brother, the admiral, and Dr. Thompson, both tried a telescope on it and could see nothin' wrong."

"You don't really mean to say," I interrupted with incredulity, "that your brother was really an admiral."

"Aye, surely," he asseverated, "for he come home wearin' a blue gansey wi' a Queen's crown on it."

THE CONGREGATION

BY

MAT MULCAGHEY

IT was the day of the ordination of the new minister, and for the first time in the history of that quiet orthodox Presbyterian Church we had instrumental music. Then followed the ordination luncheon. For many hours the clergymen assembled eulogised the new minister. Then the tables were cleared and the congregational social began.

Wullie McWhirter had the reputation of being a man of keen good sense, and not without a sense of humour. Wullie's name was on the programme which followed the tea and currant loaf bread function that preceded the entertainment.

One of the speakers, who was a great temperance advocate, made reference to the ravages of the drink traffic. He said that he was very pained to notice that in that very district two days before a man named Ned McCorkin had been caught red handed making poteen. He hoped that this was an isolated instance, since this traffic, if allowed to flourish, would spell ruin to the bodies and souls of men.

This speaker was followed by old Wullie McWhirter. He began by saying: "I was present the day at the ordination an' I heerd yon new music box. Sam Couter was sayin' till me when we wur comin' out av the church that if it wus possible for our fathers an' gran'fathers till hear yon music in the church they wud lakely thurn

in their graves. Well, I suppose Sam wus right; but I was sayin' maybe a wee thurn wudden't do them a bit harm."

After the laughter subsided Wullie proceeded: "I was here in this hall, too, when the clargy an' the rest av us was atin'. I listened till the speeches for three solid hours, an' all that time I heerd nothin' about anythin' but the goodness av the new ministher that we hiv got. I wus jist thinkin' that if he's half as good as yon gentlemen sayed he wus we're tarrible luckey till get a hoult av him for this congregation."

"I don't know how it come that my name has been put down on this programme, but I'm thinkin' that maybe somewan thought that it was about time that somewan sayed a word for the congregation. Now I want till tell our new ministher that he little knows the dacint religious people he's comin' among. I hope that he stays with us his lifetime, an' if he diz, there's wan thing he'll niver see, an' that is wan av his congregation goin' inside the dure av a public-house."

There was loud applause following this assertion, and it was noticed that the leaders of the applause were men who had the reputation of taking on occasion a little more than was in keeping with regular church members. When the applause had subsided, Wullie finished up his statement: "Naw, Misther, you'll niver see them goin' inside a public-house dure; for our wans always goes up till Ned McCorkin's, av Crocknabuoy, an' can get all the dhrink they want for less than half the money."

The applause on this occasion came from the total abstainers while the tipplers of the community closed their eyes and looked innocent.

PUSHING THE PRAM

BY

RUDDICK MILLAR

I HAVE often pondered
And wondered
Why the Belfastman, otherwise circumspect,
Should object
To pushing a pram,
Thinking he looks like a lamb.

Take the Englishman—he is beyond caring.
When he takes his baby for an airing,
Whether smiles are cast
His way as he sallies past
(Which, of course, is only the case
In Donegall Place,
Since male pram-pushers are not considered silly
In Piccadilly).

Sometimes the Belfastman tries
To compromise.
The man of the house
When out for a walk with his spouse
May take courage and
Place one hand
Gingerly on the handle of the perambulator
As though it were hot like a radiator,
And, though the woman still has control,
He does quite a lot of pushing on the whole,
But, lest he be regarded suspiciously
He does it surreptitiously.

There are times when he even will
Take over the thing going up a hill,
But at the top
His enthusiasm seems to stop,
And he'd rather lose a stone
Than take the pram out alone.

Now, when you think of it, this is absurd,
Or an even stronger word,
For most fathers like
To take their kids out for a hike,
And when they're tired
To carry them if required,
It's papa's joy and pride
To give his offspring a pick-a-back ride,
So why should he have a qualm
About taking it out in a pram?

Some may say, when you ask,
Pram-pushing is a woman's task,
That when a man does this he
Becomes a kind of cissy,
But it's plain enough
That sometimes pram-pushing can be tough,
An aunt of mine by marriage says
There's an art in crossing carriage-ways;
So is it only women
Have the necessary acumen?
(Besides, it used to be feminine for a fella
To carry an umbrella.)

No, it is indefensible,
And, moreover, reprehensible
That we of the North
Who have so often proved our worth,
Should fall down in this matter
And be behind the chap across the water.

What we need is not more latitude
But a change of mental attitude,
We must reconsider the whole damn business,
This pram business,
And we may realise yet
That there's nothing to be ashamed of in a bassinet,
That we can push prams without compunction
Through Castle Junction,
And even men who in a two-seater like to rush about
May instead have a one-seater push-about.

ONE-ACT PLAY

ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE

BY

LYDIA M. FOSTER

[*Old man who has been out gathering his eggs takes them out of his pocket and places them on the dresser and then leans over the half-door enjoying the air. Suddenly he turns about, hides the eggs and seats himself on a "creepie" beside the fire, takes off some turf leaving very small fire and sits bent over it. Enter an elderly woman in bonnet and shawl carrying a small basket.*]

WOMAN: Good-evenin' to ye Pether.

PETER (*looking round but not rising*): Good-evenin', Sarah.

SARAH: How are you feelin' the day, Pether?

PETER: I'm just hingin' together, that's just how I am.

SARAH: I'm quare an' sorry you feel no betther nor that. Have you any pains now, or aches?

PETER: I think I have. At the present minute I've a tarrible stitch in me left han' side.

SARAH: Torpentine sprinkled on new red flannel is the sartin' cure for that.

PETER: Now talk sense, woman. Where would I get new red flannel? There's no call to be namin' them expensive cures to me.

SARAH : Mebbe I could get you a sthrip if the hens keeps on layin', but you know I find it hard to get a stitch of clothes for myself. Just look at them feetware I've on (*putting forward a foot*), they're like a patch-work quilt, so they are; why me big toe'll soon be lookin' at me.

PETER : Well, I see you have your health anyway, for you've got the complexion of a travellin' tinker.

SARAH : It's walkin' so far in the heat just to see you that makes my face red. For nobody else, barrin' yourself, would I travel so far.

PETER : Well, mebbe you'll get your reward sometime.

SARAH : I don't be lookin' for no reward, Pether. I had always a likin' for you above anybody else, an' of coorse I can never forget that we are cousins, mebbe a bit removed, but anyway my aunt's brother-in-law was married on your uncle's niece, an' you know blood's thicker nor water.

PETER : I never knowed we were so near related as that afore.

SARAH : I always looked on you as a brother, Pether.

PETER : I mind the time you looked to be somethin' nearer nor that, Sarah.

SARAH : Mebbe, indeed, for I was always fond of you as far back as I can mind, but you got married to thon woman from up the country. She had a fortin' an' I hadn't.

PETER : Ooh it wasn't a dale—a matther of twenty poun' or so, but she soon squandered that. She

was all for gran'yeur and good atin, and it went like snow off a ditch. It took a dale to keep her. Boys! the curran' loaves that woman bought, and' that for every-day atin.

SARAH: Aye, they come expensive, for meself there's nothin' I would put afore the soda (*taking a parcel out of the basket*), so I just brought you a farl or two to fry in the pan with a bit o' bacon an' an egg.

PETER: The eggs is scarce this weather, the hens lays away an' I haven't the stren'th to folly them and find them.

SARAH: Mebbe I could s'arch for them for you.

PETER: You would come no speed, them hens would bamboozle a lawyer.

SARAH: Well, I hope you'll always bear in mind that I tried to do everything I could for you.

PETER: I'll not forget your soda bread, never fear, Sarah.

[*Enter a man about forty in his working clothes, his trousers tied under each knee with string.*]

MAN (*heartily*): Good-evenin' to you, Pether, an' you, Mrs. Mulroy. I'm glad to see you lookin' so well, Pether; it's this gran' weather that agrees with you.

PETER: You must have got the second sight, then, if you think me lookin' so well, Andy, for I'm just sittin' all the time crulged over the fire with just one foot in the grave.

SARAH (*rising to go*): I must be pushin' on, Pether, for I've a brave step to go.

ANDY: What's your hurry, Mrs. Mulroy? Don't let me chase you.

SARAH (*stiffly*) : It's my pleasure to go now.

ANDY : Sit awhile an' have a wee crack.

SARAH : I've had me crack with me cousin, an' that's all I want. Good-evenin', Pether. (*Takes up her basket and goes.*)

ANDY (*when she's out of hearing*) : Isn't that the joke of the world, callin' you cousin. The woman's not one drop's blood to you, Pether. Now I suppose I am the neardest fren' you have in the world.

PETER : Do you tell me that?

ANDY : I often heerd me oul' gran'mother tell that her an' your gran'mother were cousins only twice removed.

PETER : I didn't know we were that near. Everybody now seems doubly related to me, like O'Flagherty's drake.

ANDY : I hope that woman brought you a present, but I doubt it, for the Mulroys is very narra.

PETER : She did. She brought me two farls of soda bread.

ANDY (*contemptuously*) : Two farls of soda bread. Well to be sure she broke her heart. Now if she had brought you a good meskin of butther she wouldn't have affronted you. That woman Mulroy—believe me, milks her two cows night an' mornin'. Soda bread, indeed (*he laughs loud*), and them has Government stock. The postmistress can tell you that.

PETER : Them that has only the oul' age pension is glad enough of a couple of farls of soda bread. But I'll not put the Government long till the expense of ten shillin's a week for me, for I have one foot in the grave.

ANDY (*taking something out of his pocket*): I thought it would do you good to get something real tasty, so I brought you a couple of wee trout. Fish is quare an' wholesome, they say.

PETER: It's kind ye are to me.

ANDY: Shure you know I'd do anything in me power for you for the likin' I've for you, an' I hope you'll never forget that our gran'mothers were cousins only twice removed.

PETER: I'll never forget your trout, Andy.

[*Enter a young man in tweed suit and cap.*]

YOUNG MAN: Well, Uncle Peter, how are you? (*nods to Andy*) and says: "It's a fine evenin'."

PETER: I feel no betther at all, Willie John, since you saw me last. I have just one foot in the grave now.

ANDY (*sharply*): Why do you call Pether "Uncle," when you're nothin' in the world till him?

WILLIE JOHN: I am, but I couldn't rightly put a name on it.

ANDY (*sarcastically*): Mebbe you were born in the same townlan'.

PETER: I never was good at the geography of families, but I should be quare an' thankful to have so many good friends in me oul' age and poverty.

ANDY: Well, I wish you good-evenin', Pether. (*Nods stiffly to Willie John and goes out.*)

PETER: How are ye doin' now in the grocery line, Willie John?

WILLIE JOHN: Workin' hard; the hours long an' the pay short.

PETER: But you can always dress like a gentleman, Willie John.

WILLIE JOHN: You have, in my trade, to keep up appearances. Now that Andy Brown is ten times better off nor me, an' can put money past him. I hear he buys Government certificates regular. The postmistress can tell you that. I hope he brought you a good present this evenin'.

PETER: He brought me a couple of wee trout.

WILLIE JOHN (*raising his hands*): Man—Oh! A couple of wee trout! (*Laughs immoderately.*) He broke his heart, surely, an' them leppin in his river that you could catch them with your two hands. Now it would have been more seemly if he had brought you a fat duck, for he has lashin's of them, too, sweemin' in that same river. Well, all I can say is that he didn't pay you much respect, an' you so near your latter end.

PETER: Aye, I'm gettin' near han' that now, Willie John.

WILLIE JOHN (*taking small parcels out of his pockets*): Here's just a wee present I brought you of our prime tea an' sugar. There's nothin' like a good sup of tea to put heart into you.

PETER: Aye, what would we do on'y for the tay.

WILLIE JOHN (*rising*): Aye, an' make it strong an' sweet. Put plenty in. I'm sorry to have to leave you so soon, but I must catch the bus back to Ballybee, for it's the last. It's expensive travellin,' but for all that I'll come back soon, and never forget that I always called you "uncle" and treated you with respect. (Shakes hands with Peter and goes out.)

PETER: I'll not forget your tay and sugar, Willie John.

[*Peter, left alone, boils the trout, infuses a pot of tea and places one of Sarah's soda farls on the table. He is just finishing a hearty meal when the door opens and a pleasant-looking woman of about fifty enters.*]

WOMAN: Well, Peter, I see you're strivin' to live.

PETER: Aye, Kate, I'm loaded with presents because I let on I'm dyin' Sarah Mulroy come with soda bread, an' Andy Brown with fish, an' Willie John Wilkison with tay an' sugar. An' they all say they're related to me, an' mebbe are, but it's as far out as thirty-second cousins. It's the bit of money they think I have past me that they're related to.

KATE (*knowingly*): Mebbe you've got near han' the last of your presents from them cousins.

PETER: Everybody's your cousin if you've anything to leave behind you.

[*They talk for some time in undertones, and he leaves her to the door, where they part in a very friendly way.*]

SCENE II.—SARAH'S HOUSE.

[*She is sweeping the kitchen, when Andy Brown enters apparently excited and angry.*]

ANDY: Well, woman dear, did you hear the news?

SARAH: No. What news? Is owl' Pether dead at last?

ANDY (*laughing bitterly*): Dead! No, but married this mornin' in Ballybee!

SARAH (*speechless for a few seconds*): The oul' renegade. The hoary oul' sinner. The crafty oul fox. Who undher the heavens took the oul' rascal for his dirty bit of money?

ANDY : So you might say. An' he got a brave young one, too. His foot's not in the grave the day.

SARAH : Would it be Kate Robison?

ANDY : That's the very identical woman.

SARAH : She's a tinker.

ANDY : She is that.

SARAH : An' me wastin' me time an' wearin' out me shoes kedgin' him soda bread, the greedy oul gorb.

ANDY : Many's the gran' trout I nearly got me death of coul' ketchin' for him in the wet river.

SARAH (*looking out through window*) : If there's not Willie John Wilkison passin'. (*Goes to the door and shouts.*) Hi, Willie John, step in here a minute.

WILLIE JOHN (*surprised, and looking from one to the other*) : Is there anything wrong? Is me Uncle Peter dead?

SARAH (angrily) : If you mean that oul' rapscallion over beyant that you called uncle, he got hisself married this mornin in Ballybee. What do you think of your uncle now?

WILLIE JOHN (*speechless, and shaking his head up and down*) : Who on earth married a man with one foot in the grave?

SARAH : That boul' Kate Robison that you would think butther wouldn't melt in her mouth.

ANDY : Well, that's the weemin for ye all over the world.

SARAH : Aye, an' the men, too. They wouldn't give up the notion of marryin' till they have both feet in the grave.

[THE END.]

STRANGE DISEASES AND STRANGER REMEDIES

BY

MAT MULCAGHEY

PERHAPS more funny sayings and doings are attributed to church sextons than to any other individuals. I suppose this is by reason of the fact that clergymen are ever ready to make note of a good thing, and pass it on.

On my way to work one morning I was passing the local church graveyard and I noticed the sexton digging a grave. I paused to ask him who the grave was for, and was surprised to learn that a well-known farmer in the district had just died.

I expressed my surprise to the sexton and told him that I had never heard of this man being ill. "It must have been very sudden," I said.

"Aw, not at all," was the reply, "sure he was at death's dure this whole month, an' the docther had till go out ivery night an' give him epidemic injunctions."

On another occasion I noticed that a certain farmer had not been at church for some time. I enquired from the sexton if this man had left the church; but was told that he had been very ill for a long time and was unable to attend church.

I asked what he was suffering from, and the sexton informed me that the doctor said it "was bellicose brains that ailed him."

By way of further explanation the sexton proceeded to inform me further: "I went out till see him wan day, for he was always a dacent man; but his head's not touched at all, he's as sensible as me or you; but I think from what his woman tells me that the disaise has gone down intil his legs!"

We hear of many strange diseases and ailments in a rural district; but we once had a druggist in our town who had a specific for every ill. We called him the wee doctor, and the locals would tell you that if the wee docther cudden't cure you it was time for you to make your will.

At the period when the wee doctor's fame was at its height, there came to live in our district a man who had spent the greater part of his life in Australia. He seemed to have plenty of money; but he was so quiet and unsociable that the neighbours nicknamed him "Gloomy George."

It was almost impossible to engage Gloomy George in conversation. At first he might exchange a few words; then he became absent minded; his eyes developed a far away look and he became silent.

It is a curious fact that in our district we were ever suspicious of a man who, after spending a number of years in a foreign country, returned with sufficient money to buy a better farm of land than his neighbours.

"I doubt he didn't get it honest; for no man cud earn the money till buy a farm av lan' lake

that in the time," one neighbour would remark. This would meet with a reply something like this: "Aw, now, he niver made all that money in the time. It's lakely he jist stole it, or maybe kilt somewan till get it."

The fact that Gloomy George had spent a considerable time in the Australian Bush made our people very suspicious as regards the unhappy one's past life.

Our worst suspicions were confirmed when we learned that, just as the wee doctor was putting up his shutters one night, Gloomy George entered his shop and confided in the man of drugs that he wanted something to make him sleep. The wee doctor plied him with questions as to the probable cause of his sleeplessness.

"I lie awake thinking of the past. The failures I have made, and the things I have done. If I had my life to live over again it would be different," the unhappy man explained.

The wee doctor listened to the man's tale, then turning to the shelves he proceeded to compound a draught for Gloomy George. He took bitter aloes, quinine, Epsom salts, castor oil, and all the vile tasting things in shelf and drawer. These he dissolved in *aqua pura* and asked the gloomy one to drink, telling him that he thought the dose would help him to forget the past and cure his melancholia.

After a month had passed, the gloomy patient entered the chemist's shop just at closing time and asked for another draught similar to the last. It was noticeable that there was on the patient's face the semblance of a smile for the first time

since he came amongst us. The wee doctor asked him if he was feeling better, and if the dose had prevented him reflecting on the past.

"I never felt better in my life," George told the physician, for I could think of nothing for the past month only something to put the taste of that medicine out of my mouth!"

The wee doctor was equally successful in the treatment of cattle and fowls, and it is on record how on one occasion a woman in the country, who found great difficulty in getting hens to hatch, consulted the physician. It so happened that this lady's husband was troubled with a bad stomach, and while she was consulting the chemist about the matter of the hens she told him that she would like a bottle that would help her man's stomach trouble.

The wee doctor compounded a bottle, which he directed the woman to mix in certain quantities with the food of the hens that she wanted to sit. Then he proceeded to make up the stomach tonic, and the woman went her way and administered the medicines according to the verbal directions.

Two days afterwards the lady came back. "Yon hens that I give the medicine till hasn't the appearance av wantin' till clock yit, docther; but they wud ate you out av house an' home," she explained.

What about your husband's stomach trouble?" the doctor inquired.

"I doubt, docther, I must hiv give him the wrong bottle; for I went out yisterday till call him in till his dinner. I cud find him no road; but that evenin' when I went out till gether the eggs I got him up in the hay laft sittin' on three delf nest eggs!"

JIMSIE LISTENS TO THE RADIO

BY

RUDDICK MILLAR

JIMSIE, my six-year-old son and heir, was busy drawing "wee men" on the dining-room wall-paper with my never-break, self-swivelling pencil. There was a slight crack as it broke.

"Can't you find something else to do?" I implored. "Why don't you sit and listen to the wireless, for instance. The children's hour is on just now."

"What's it?" demanded Jimsie.

"It's a programme that the wireless people give for little boys like you, to keep them out of mischief," I explained. "Wait and I'll try and get it for you."

I tried. I put on the switch at the side of the set, but it refused to function. The valves did not even light up. After five minutes of fiddling about, during which I got hotter and hotter about the collar, Jimsie remarked, "Do you need that thing on the floor?"

The "thing" was the electric plug, which he had pulled out prior to drawing "wee men." No wonder the set would not work.

At last I got it tuned in, and a hearty voice boomed, "Hullo, children!"

"That," I informed Jimsie, "is your Uncle Jack."

"You mean my Uncle Jack that brought me sweeties last Christmas?"

"No, not that Uncle Jack. This one is not really your uncle——"

"But you said——"

"I know, I know," I expostulated. This man just calls himself your uncle, because he—well, because he wants to be matey."

"I think it's silly," said Jimsie.

"Maybe you're right," I breathed. "Let's drop it and listen."

By this time a "bedtime story" was being told. It concerned a dragon which was a terror to a village until a brave boy dealt with it. Jimsie listened to it for a few moments and then announced, "There isn't any such thing as a dragon."

"How do you know?" I demanded.

"Mummy said so."

I had no retort for that. If mummy had said there was no such thing as a dragon, there *was* no such thing as a dragon. "Anyway, it's just a story," I murmured.

But Jimsie had no interest in things that did not exist. "Where's that man talking from?" he asked.

"Er—a studio," I replied. "It's a long way from here."

"Then how does he get into the box?"

"The box? Oh, you mean the set. Well, you see, it comes over the air, stuff known as ether. There are no wires used. That's why it's called wireless."

"But there's lots of wires inside the box," Jimsie protested.

"How do you know?" I demanded.

"I had the back off one day," said Jimsie, simply.

No wonder the set had been "wheezy" for some time!

"Listen," I pleaded, "there's some nice music now—something by Beethoven, I think the announcer said."

"I'd rather have 'Kiss Me Goodnight, Sergeant Major'," commented Jimsie.

And so it went on. Something was wrong with everything. But I was determined that Jimsie should listen to the children's hour. It would do him good. So we persevered. At last the announcer's voice said, "Goodnight, children, everywhere."

"He must think we're going to bed now," observed Jimsie. "No fear! I'm allowed up till half-past eight."

"Run along now," I implored. "I want to listen to the news."

"Why. that's what I've been waiting for," declared Jimsie. "I want to hear if they've bombed Hamm again. If they have, that'll be the hundred and forty-fourth time."

"You, you——" I was speechless.

"And I hope they're still slapping it across the Wops in Africa," he added.

"Maybe you'll give me your views on the Balkan situation," I said sarcastically.

"Righto," returned Jimsie cheerfully. "But keep quiet now. And daddy——"

"Yes," I sighed.

"If you want to listen to the children's hour to-morrow, do you mind doing it alone?"

I gave it up.

THE PURITAN

BY

SAM HENRY

I ONCE had the pleasure of accompanying an old puritan to America.

We were three days out from Moville when, in that stormy tract of the seas called the "Devil's Trough," he remarked, as he climbed the saloon stairs, clinging to the banister: "Surely this is bad navigation." His worldly innocence was clearly demonstrated in connection with the usual sweepstake on the ship's run for the day. "Yin o' them stewards asked me for sixpence for what he called a sweepstake. I dinnae know what it is but we'll likely hae it for the breakfast in the mornin'."

I asked him if he was sick at all, and he answered: "I thocht yince my stomach gee'd a wee wham'le, but I cum a' richt again."

That word wham'le is good Ulster dialect. It has the same root as overwhelm and is the same word as used in Yorkshire for a gimlet—a whemmel.

I have said that my old friend was a puritan and so he was. He was asked at a New York church if they preached from paper over in Ireland. "Oh, man, we're puzzhened wi' it," was his reply.

In his own home in Ulster many a time I have been amused at him.

Someone has defined a bull in this way—if you see three cows lying in a field and one of them standing up, it's a bull.

But my old friend furnished a better example in the perfectly natural remark: "The first three fine days we hae, I'm comin' into the toon in the middle yin to see you."

I have often visited him in his own home.

Once the tea was delayed for a reason that will amuse city dwellers. "You'll hae tae wait a while for your tae, for the calf fell in the well and we'll hae tae let it shire. We could get water for the tae from the horsepond but there's ducks on it."

His American brother, when in Ulster on a visit, took my friend to the city and treated him to lunch in a swanky cafe.

The orchestra was playing and the Yankee said: "Isn't that fine?"

The old puritan replied: "Aye, it's nice enough, but if we hadnae tae pye for the music we would hae mair meat tae eat."

Nor did he appreciate the lavish etiquette, remarking that he "wid as shane hae his dinner a' aff the yin plate."

He was a man of plain living and sincere thinking. It was easy to satisfy him with the pleasures of the table. In my home, on one occasion, he continued to spread Gruyère cheese on his bread, and only after some time remarked, "I maun say your butter has a strange tack."

"UNCONQUERED"

BY

"TULLYNEIL"

I'M only a mountain farmer,
With forty acres there,
I nivir slept below a slate,
And my thatch was often bare.

In cowl spring days I plowed,
In sleet I dug the spuds,
I snedded frosted thurnips
In beggars' cast-aff duds.

I nivir married Annie,
For money she had noan,
I thought of rid-haired Fanny
But I'd rather live my lone.

Without a ben-weed's shelther
I raired a power a sheep,
I nivir needed lamp-oil,
For I spent the night in sleep.

I went ta Meetin' little,
For habit's hard ta kill,
But I dhrained the Mossy Meadow
An' I stubbed the Whinny Hill.

Now stiff an' sore I'm headin'
For the graveyard over by,
An' few there'll be ta miss me,
An' fewer still ta cry.

An' when I'm dead an' buried,
An' stan' before the Throne,
I'll not have much ta offer
For all the seed was sown.

But this I'll say at last
When of sins they've talked their fill,
"I dhrained the Mossy Meadow,
An' stubbed the Whinny Hill."

Recent Ulster Books Include

THE HEART OF TYRONE. By "Tullyneil." 3/-

"From cover to cover it teems with the humour of the countryside, and to the author we of Tyrone are indebted . . ."—"Tyrone Constitution."

"We are not aware of the identity of the author, but he is an accomplished craftsman."—"Irish Presbyterian."

BALLADS FROM TYRONE. By W. F. Marshall. 3/6

"Rich in imagination, subtle in humour, and manifesting the authentic touch that comes of first-hand knowledge, the verses glow with life. They have music in them, and an irresistible lilt. Their rhythms dance without a single clumsy step . . ."—"Northern Whig."

AN ULSTER IDYLL. By Isobel M. Marshall. 2/6

"Each scene touched upon has been painted by the hand of an artist; humour and pathos are delightfully blended, and you cannot but be struck by the delineation of character so notable in its accuracy."—"Northern Constitution."

GLENREEBA. By Margaret S. Norris. 2/6

"The dialect is racy, with the tonic Northern tang. There is a cheerful air about this book. It It tells sturdy stories of a sturdy people; it shows them at work and at play; it presents them in laughter and sadness—but never in tears."—"Irish Times."

RHYMES OF A RUSTIC. By Hubert Quinn. 1/6

"The man who can write 'If Love Should Come' can challenge the soul to its very highest. I cannot cut out a quotation. It should be printed and framed on a wall-piece. It is fit company for R. L. S."—"The Witness."